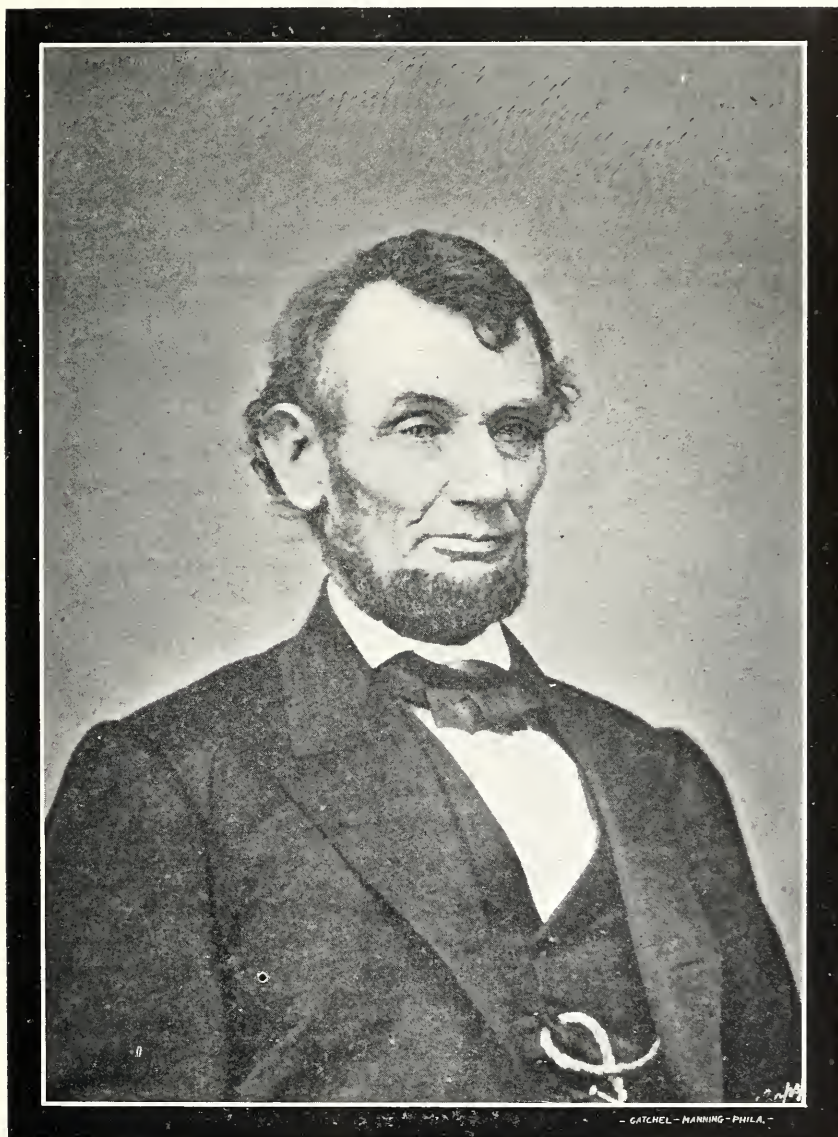


“With malice toward none, with charity for all.”



1809

Lincoln Centenary

1909

NORRISTOWN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

## ❧ ABRAHAM LINCOLN ❧

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Abraham Lincoln was born February 12, 1809, in a log cabin in Hardin county, Kentucky.

His father's ancestors were Pennsylvanians, his mother's Virginians.

His mother trained him to three things:

never to swear, never to touch liquor, never to lie.

He worked on a farm until he was twenty-one.

He acquired a good education under unfavorable conditions, largely through his own efforts.

He was a great reader and an able debator.

He was elected to the Illinois Legislature in 1834.

He became the Anti-slavery leader of his state.

He attracted national attention by his debates with Douglas.

He was nominated and elected president of the United States in 1860.

He was assassinated April 14, 1865.

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A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;

A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;

A homely hero, born of star and sod;

A Peasant Prince, a masterpiece of God.

Walter Malone in the Chicago Tribune, February 12, 1907.

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### **CLOSE OF FIRST INAUGURAL.**

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it." I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

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### **CLOSE OF SECOND INAUGURAL.**

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

## GETTYSBURG SPEECH.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

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## LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

(This letter is exhibited in Oxford College, England, as the finest specimen of English extant.)

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## TRIBUTE FROM LOWELL.

(Read at Harvard College, July 21, 1865, by James Russell Lowell.)

Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
But at last silence comes;  
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
Our children shall behold his fame.  
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
New birth of our new soil, the *first American*.

## O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By Walt. Whitman.

O Captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weathered every wrack, the prize we sought is won;  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;  
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths, for you the shores a-crowding;  
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here Captain, dear father!

This arm beneath your lead;

It is some dream that on the deck

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;  
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done:  
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!

But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies

Fallen cold and dead.

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## MAXIMS.

Thirty years I have been a temperance man, and am too old to change.  
The Lord must love common people—that's why He made so many of them.

Be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm.

When you have written a wrathful letter—put it in the stove.

When you can't remove an obstacle, plough around it.

A private soldier has as much right to justice as a major-general.

Suspicion and jealousy never did help any man in any situation.

Don't swap horses in crossing a stream.

Stand with anybody that stands right. Stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong.

"You can fool all the people some of the time, and some of the people all the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time," pointing the epigram at Senator Douglas.

Gold is good in its place; but loving, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.